

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,
 A MAGAZINE OF
 ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
 AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
 καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo. sec. xxxvi.*

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
 an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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THE performances during the late festival at Hereford seem to have been, on the whole, excellent; but had this not been the case—had they even been an unbroken succession of blunders, one incident alone would have been sufficient to have atoned for all and rendered the whole affair no less remarkable than satisfactory. We allude to the sermon of the Dean during the cathedral-service on the first morning. Unused as we may be to hear such sentiments with regard to music from an English pulpit, and gratifying as it is to find the dignity of art thus publicly defended from such a source, it is, perhaps, too much to reckon on this solitary instance of truth and justice as an evidence of amelioration in ecclesiastical polity on this subject; still if it be true that “coming events cast their shadows before,” we may not be too sanguine if from an avowal of such opinions in so high a quarter, we extract a hope that, ere long, a little dispassionate reflection and the popular expression of sentiment will take effect in lifting the clergy generally from the mire of illiberality in which they have so long remained. Scarcely any one, we believe, who has succeeded in untrammeling his mind sufficiently to consider religious establishments in their two-fold light—as conservators of the true faith, and as semi-political agents in harmonizing the discordant elements of society—has ever concluded such a course of reflection without (among others) arriving at the conviction that the Anglican church is inimical to the arts, and that such enmity *may*, in time to come, compromise her corporate existence;—such opinions, in fact, have been repeatedly expressed, and through channels which permit no doubt as to the probity and intelligence of those who uttered them. That the church discourages the arts of painting and sculpture there needs no stronger proof than the nearly total exclusion of them from the buildings devoted to her services—that architecture is similarly neglected is established by the fact that, since the Reformation, but *one* great temple has been erected for her worship—her sole cathedral, St. Paul's, pure and

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grand, but cold and cheerless in its beauty—and our late articles on the subject have proved that music has, at her hands, shared the fate of the sister-arts, in the unceasing endeavours of her ministers to check its advancement by casting slight upon its traditionally-necessary connection with the performance of her service. That conduct of this kind may, in some instances, have been dictated by a conscientious though mistaken belief that the finest music so employed served rather to exalt the vanities of the world than to promote the glory of its Creator, we are willing to believe;—the prejudices of an exclusive education may, in such cases, have been sufficient to blind their possessor to the application of the scriptural candle and bushel, and to conceal from him the obvious inference that man's offering of the first and best fruits of his genius is, in the sight of God, as far more acceptable than mere *verbal* thanksgiving, as the singing of His praises, we are told, shall please Him "better than a bullock that hath horns and hoofs." But while admitting the existence of this erring zeal in some cases, we will unflinchingly contend—(and, if necessary, will quote example in proof)—that by far the larger part of clerical opposition to the use of fine music in the church is wrought by a mixture of feelings in their aggregate more nearly resembling *jealousy* than anything else;—a minister conscious of his want of eloquence, argumentative power, and, altogether, that profound interest of matter and manner by which a congregation is attracted to, and its attention riveted on, pulpit discourses, is invariably resolved that music, at least, shall have no share in that hearty and earnest gathering of the people which *he* feels his incapacity to effect.

Strange as it certainly is to find this disinclination to permit the softening influences of music on the minds of a worshipping congregation, it is infinitely more reconcileable with certain fanatical notions of *propriety* than are the strenuous efforts too commonly made in the same quarter to impede the march of charity by denouncing, in most unmeasured language, those performances of sacred music which form the chief sources of profit at the provincial festivals. Scarcely one of these triennial celebrations passes off without some such strange exhibition of Christian practice opposed to Christian principle. No sooner is a festival announced than, many weeks before its occurrence, the various churches in the town—not excepting the cathedral, the scene of the coming performance—resound with fulminations against the contemplated "profanity:"—the temple of God is declared desecrated by such mortal attempts to alleviate the distresses of his suffering creatures—the music to be performed is most coarsely libelled in the attempt to prove it a wanton mockery of the Holy Writings which it humbly, but still beautifully, illustrates—the characters of public singers and players are mercilessly assailed, and with equal bigotry and falsehood declared to unfit them for any office within the sacred precincts of the church—and the people are warned to eschew even charity when compassed by such means, lest the weight of the church's displeasure should stand betwixt them and the settlement of their last and great account. Absurd, nay—wicked, as are such doctrines, our readers need no assurance of our's to remind them that these priestly illustrations of "Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," are unfortunately but too common at times when the urgent necessity for an opposite course but aggravates their indecency. The last Norwich festival furnished a case in point which ought not speedily to be forgotten. Here was no church to be desecrated by the vanities of composers—no temple to be polluted by the contaminating presence

of hired singers. A building totally out of the pale of church domination was selected for the performances of the festival, and in it the sinners had surely a right to consider themselves free from the persecutions of the saints. But no;—such a provision of rational enjoyment for the rich and solid benefit to the poor, was not to be permitted in silence—some obtrusive blockhead was sure to be found eager to keep up the charter of intolerance; and, on the Sunday immediately preceding the festival, the cathedral was *really* desecrated by a sermon which, for downright uncharitableness, was perhaps never surpassed. Here, in addition to the old topics—poms, vanities, &c.—a new field was opened for the exercise of bigotry in an attack on Spohr's oratorio, *Calvary*: which, being an attempt to put to beautiful and soul-stirring music the closing scenes of the Redeemer's mortal existence, the preacher, with most saintly wrath, chose to denounce as little less than blasphemous. All this is so much in accordance with clerical usage that we should not have specially noticed it but for two circumstances;—the first is that the preacher literally and emphatically urged his hearers to avoid the performance, *and thus sought to injure the prospects of the charity*; and the second is, that in his damnatory haste he overshot his mark—he altogether forgot that, although the crucifixion, as related in the Gospels, is not ordinarily set to music and sung in churches, those of the Psalms of David which obviously contain prophetic allusions to the atoning sacrifice and even to some of the minutest circumstances preceding it, *are* so sung at this day, and undeniably were so sung at the time of their production, by David and his "chief musicians," and in what, we would ask, consists the difference between the two cases? It would be far easier for such a man to write such a sermon, than to point out the superiority of crime in setting to music the transaction of a fact over that of singing a prophecy of it;—all the university-logic in Europe cannot prove the difference to be greater than between anticipation and retrospection; and if the latter be sinful, the former is, to all intents and purposes, equally so. Would that we could add that this is the only flagrant instance of intolerance in high places. The efforts of the smaller fanatics are not worth the trouble of notice, since they rarely injure anything save themselves; but what shall be said of the stated refusal of the Dean of St. Paul's to permit a charitable festival in his cathedral when applied to some years since for that purpose? It is affirmed—and without contradiction—that this refusal was based on the impiety of taking money at the church-doors for the performances of *paid* musicians—a plea which some might allow, did it not exhibit a strange inconsistency in the conduct of the church towards others and towards itself. The Festival of the Sons of the Clergy is nothing else than an occasion on which money is taken for the permission to hear hired musicians; but yet, being for the "Sons of the Clergy," it is permitted an annual recurrence without opposition or comment. Now Heaven forbid that we should for a moment decry so charitable a proceeding: all we contend for is that the clergy should not exclude the poor of the laity from those advantages of public benevolence which they claim for their own. Charity we understand to be a virtue of universal application, while the system at St. Paul's would make it—like the Holy of Holies in the Hebrew temple—a thing into which none save the priesthood can enter and then but once a year. But really this talk of "desecrating" the church by charging an entrance-fee is monstrous;—we should have thought that no one connected with St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, could have mooted such a point without feeling the remem-

brance of certain stray twopences rising in his throat nearly to the point of suffocation. Still, we believe, the same conscientious scruple will probably prevent another festival in Westminster Abbey, and, if we may credit report, a like difficulty will be raised at York.

Under these circumstances, and considering the prevailing tone of clerical opinion on the subject, we have thought the sermon of the Dean of Hereford worth referring to, since it holds up extended views of charity to the admiration of the world, and displays a train of enlightened reflection on the power, the beauty, and the utility of music, which the artist will not be slow to appreciate.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.—No. X.

STEPHEN STORACE.

STEPHEN STORACE was born in London, in 1763. His father was a Neapolitan, a good performer on the double bass, in which capacity he served many years at the King's Theatre; and his mother was one of the Miss Truslers of Bath, a sister to the well-known Dr. Trusler. Some time after Mr. Sheridan's marriage with Miss Linley, he brought his beautiful and accomplished bride to town, and lodged in the house of the elder Storace, a friend of the lady's father.

The young Storace manifested his superiority of intellect at a very early age, and as he was constantly in the habit of hearing music of the best kind, he directed his efforts to the attainment of that art, in which he had made such progress before he arrived at his tenth year, that he played the most difficult music of Tartini and Giardini with the correctness and steadiness of an experienced performer. When very young, his father placed him in the Conservatorio of St. Onofrio, at Naples, then as highly esteemed as a school of counterpoint, as Venice for taste and execution. Here he studied the harpsichord and composition, and his progress was so rapid, that, while only a pupil, he produced some of those things which afterwards gained him so much celebrity, and among these a concerted piece which subsequently became the finale to the first act of the *Pirates*.

After completing his musical education at Naples, he, according to the custom of the day, visited the different cities of Italy, where he gave various proofs of his talents. He next proceeded to Germany, and reached Vienna in the same year that the late Duke of York, then travelling as Bishop of Osnaburgh, arrived at the seat of the imperial government. His sister, Anna Storace, a pupil of Sacchini, who, though very young, was become one of the first singers of the day, travelled with him, and after performing with success at various places, Venice in particular, where she was loaded not only with praise but with presents, obtained in 1784 an engagement at the emperor's Italian Theatre, at a salary which, at that period, was thought prodigious, namely, five hundred pounds for the season.

For this theatre Storace composed an opera, the subject, Shakspeare's *Comedy of Errors*, chosen by himself, which was put together in a very ingenious manner by the poet Da Ponte, and brought out under the name of *GP Equivoci*. Parts of this were afterwards used by the author in his English operas; namely the sestetto and trio; the former as "Hope a distant joy disclosing," and the latter as "Knocking at this time of day," both introduced in *No Song, no Supper*. The fine choruses in the *Pirates*, "Hark! the guard is coming," also the two tenor songs, "Mem'ry repeating," and "Scarcely had the blushing morn," in the same, were all taken from the *Equivoci*.

Kelly, in his "Reminiscences," relates a story of Storace while at Vienna, which at least proves the affection he felt for his sister. "We were supping," says Mr. K., "at the Ridotto rooms, and my poor friend, Stephen Storace, who was proverbially a sober man, and who had a strong head for everything but drinking, had swallowed potent libations of sparkling champagne, which rendered him rather confused. He went into the ball-room and saw his sister dancing with an officer in uniform, booted and spurred. In twirling round while waltzing,

his spurs got entangled in Miss Storace's dress, and both she and the officer came to the ground. Stephen, thinking his sister had been intentionally insulted, commenced personal hostilities against the officer: a great bustle ensued, which ended by dragging him to the guard-house, whither several English gentlemen followed him. The officer of the guard was very good-natured, and allowed us to send for some eatables and champagne. We remained with him all night, and a jovial night we had. In the morning we departed, but Storace was obliged to tarry in durance vile till further orders.

I was determined to make a bold push to get him released in the evening. I placed myself in the corridor, through which the emperor passed after his dinner to his study. He saw me, and said, 'Why, O'Kelly, I thought you were off for England?'—'I can't go, sire,' was my answer; 'my friend, who was to travel with me, was last night put in prison.' I then told his Majesty who it was, and how it happened.—He laughed at the tipsy composer's wanting to fight, and said, 'I am very sorry for Storace, for he is a man of great talent; but I regret to observe that your English gentry who travel, appear to be much altered from what they used to be. Formerly they travelled after they had left college; it appears to me that they now travel before they go there.' His Majesty then left me, saying, '*Bon voyage, O'Kelly*—I shall give directions that Storace may be set at liberty.'

In March, 1787, Storace, with his sister, returned to England. The lady immediately obtained an engagement at the King's Theatre, where she first appeared on the 24th of the same month, in the character of *Gelinda*, in Paisiello's comic opera, *Gli Schiavi per amore*, brought out under the direction of her brother. The success of this was great. George the Fourth (then Prince of Wales) was in the house before the opera began, and applauded it warmly. Storace obtained great credit for the manner in which this was produced; but the intrigues of an Italian theatre soon drove away this sensible, able manager, and he retired to Bath, where, for a while, he gave up in disgust his musical pursuits, and devoted his attention to drawing, an art for which he possessed a very considerable share of talent and a fine taste. He, however, soon returned to the metropolis, for shortly after we find him at Drury-lane Theatre, adapting the Baron Dittersdorf's music to the *Doctor and Apothecary*, a drama translated and prepared for the stage by Mr. Cobb.

He never could be prevailed on to return to the King's Theatre, except for a few weeks in 1793, but fixed himself at Drury-lane, where, on the 24th of November, 1789, he produced his first English opera, the *Haunted Tower*, written by his friend Cobb. The success of this was almost unbounded: it was played fifty nights during the first season, and has continued a favourite ever since. Signora Storace appeared in this, and continued ever afterwards to perform at the national theatre till her retirement from the stage.

In 1790, the musical entertainment of *No Song, no Supper*, written by Prince Hoare, and composed by Storace, was produced at the same theatre for the benefit of Mr. Kelly. "It will hardly be credited," says the latter, "that this charming and popular opera, which has been acted hundreds of nights, was rejected by the Drury-lane management."

On the 1st of January, 1791, the *Siege of Belgrade*, altered by Cobb from the Italian opera, *La Cosa Rara*, was brought out by Storace, who retained much of the original music of Martini, and introduced some of his own. The selections and additions are made with so much taste and skill, that the opera was performed sixty nights during its first season, and still continues a stock-piece. In the same year Casti's *Grotta di Trifonio*, translated and altered by Prince Hoare, was performed under the title of the *Cave of Trophonius*; the music almost wholly selected from the original composition of Salieri by Storace. This met with no success.

The beautiful opera of the *Pirates*, written by the author of the *Haunted Tower*, and set to music by the subject of the present memoir, was given for the first time on the 20th of November, 1792. The performers were Kelly, Dignum, Sedgwick, Suett, J. Bannister, Parsons, Mrs. Crouch, Miss De Camp (afterwards Mrs. C. Kemble), Mrs. Bland, and Signora Storace. The picturesque scenery was from designs made at Naples by the composer himself, who thus manifested the supe-

riority of his abilities in two distinct arts. The success of this was nearly equal to that of his most favoured works.

In the same year Storace produced *Dido*, an opera of which we find no mention anywhere. In 1793, the *Prize*, or 2, 3, 5, 8, written by Prince Hoare. In 1794, the *Glorious First of June*, a musical entertainment; the *Cherokee*, a comic opera; and *Lodoiska*, translated from the French, by John Kemble: the music selected from the rival operas of the same name, the one by Kreutzer, the other by Cherubini, with some few new compositions by Storace.

In 1795, he composed the *Three and the Deuce* for the Haymarket Theatre; and in 1796, *My Grandmother*, for Drury-lane.

On the 12th of March, in the same year, and at the same theatre, the play of the *Iron Chest*, written for Drury-lane by George Colman the younger, as, in spite of the critics, he persevered in calling himself, the music entirely by Storace, was heard for the first time. The attention he bestowed in the getting-out of this piece is supposed to have been at the expense of a most valuable life. "On the first rehearsal," Mr Kelly tells us, "although labouring under a severe attack of gout and fever, after having been confined to his bed for many days, he insisted on being wrapped up in blankets, and carried in a sedan-chair to the cold stage of the playhouse. The entreaties and prayers of his family were of no avail—he would; he went, and remained to the end of the rehearsal. He returned to his bed, whence he never rose again." The gout attacked his stomach, and he died on the 19th of March, in the thirty-third year of his age.

Mr. Colman, in his preface to this play, thus feelingly and eloquently alludes to an event which deprived the world of a genius, and himself of a most intimate and valued friend.—"Nay, even the composer of the music—and here let me breathe a sigh to the memory of departed worth and genius, as I write the name of Storace—even he could not preside in his department. He was preparing an early flight to that abode of harmony where choirs of angels swell the note of welcome to an honest and congenial spirit."

At the time of his death he had a new opera, *Mahmoud*, written by his very intimate friend, Prince Hoare, in preparation. He had been to Bath for the purpose of hearing Braham, who then had not made his appearance on the London stage, and had engaged him for Drury-lane. His decease delayed the production of this work, and left it in an incomplete state; but with the consent of the managers and of the author of the drama, the friendly assistance of Mr. Kelly, and some additional music selected by Signora Storace, it was performed for the benefit of his widow and child on the 30th of the same month in which he breathed his last; and, supported by Kemble's masterly acting, as the hero of the piece, together with Braham's admirable singing, it met with great applause, and had a run of many nights.

Besides his productions for the theatre, this able musician published a few compositions for stringed instruments, and some for the pianoforte. Among these was a quartet, heard for the first time at an entertainment given by the author to his friends in Vienna. The performers on this occasion were only amateurs of the instruments they then took up; but that the party was a remarkable one the following list will sufficiently testify:—first violin, Haydn; second ditto, Baron Dittersdorf; viola, Mozart; violoncello, Vanhall: and among the company were the Abbé Casti and Paisiello. These works obtained notice at the time they appeared, though now little known. His best talents were devoted to the stage; had he reached the usual span of man's life, it is probable that he would have shone equally in other departments of his art.

Storace possessed a most capacious mind: "Had Stephen been bred to the law," said Mr. Sheridan, "nothing could have prevented his becoming lord chancellor." His opinion on literary subjects was much respected by the best critics, and he was often consulted on points unconnected with his professional pursuits. "When a boy," Mr. Kelly tells us, "his passion for calculation was beyond all belief, except to those who witnessed it." We have heard of his having multiplied four figures by four figures, by memory, in three minutes.

Storace's compositions abound in spirit, taste, science effectively but not pedantically displayed, strong feeling, and good sense. Had fortune enabled him

to write at leisure, and not on the spur of the occasion, as was too often the case—had he enjoyed better health, and lived but a few years longer, it is reasonable to conclude that he would have proved his claim to a still higher niche in the temple of fame than is now allotted him.

GLUCK.

WE present our readers with a few specimens of the mode of *thinking* which characterized Gluck—the greatest composer of his age. Like the mental coruscation of all great men, they as frequently furnish instructive lessons, as they undoubtedly afford amusement:—and first,—a kind of dedication prefixed to his opera, *Paris and Helena*;—"I determined to publish the music of *Alceste*, simply in the hope it might find imitators. I dared to flatter myself, that in following the route I have opened, composers would have endeavoured to destroy the abuses introduced into the Italian theatre, and which dishonour it. I avow with grief, that till now I have tried in vain to prevent it. The half-learned, the doctors of taste (*i buongustai*), unhappily too numerous a species, and in all ages a thousand times more pernicious to the progress of the fine arts than those who are totally ignorant, have united against a method which, in establishing itself, destroyed their pretensions.

"It was thought possible to pronounce upon *Alceste*, after irregular, ill-directed and worse-executed rehearsals; the effect that this opera might produce in a theatre was calculated in an apartment, with the same sagacity that in a city of Greece they pretended to judge at some feet distance of the effect of statues to be placed on high columns. One of these nice amateurs, who has transferred his whole soul to his ears, will find an air too hard, a passage too much marked or *ill prepared*, without dreaming that in that particular situation this air and passage is the sublimity of expression and forms the happiest contrast. A pedantic harmonist will remark an ingenious negligence or a deficiency of vigour, and will hasten to denounce both as unpardonable sins against the mysteries of harmony; soon after a crowd of voices will unite to condemn the music as barbarous, savage, and extravagant.

"It is true that the other arts are hardly more fortunate, and your highness will easily divine the reason. The more one is determined to seek after perfection and truth, the more necessary do precision and exactitude become. The traits which distinguish Raphael from the crowd of painters, are in some degree imperceptible: slight alterations in the contour of a caricatured head would not destroy the resemblance, but they would entirely disfigure a beautiful face. I wish for no other proof of this than my air in *Orpheus*, "*Che farò senza Euridice*;" make the least change in it, either in the time or the turn of expression, and it will become an air for a puppet-show. In a work of this kind, a note more or less sustained, increasing the tone or neglecting the time, an appoggiatura out of place, a shake, a passage, a roulade, may ruin the effect of a whole scene. It is also indispensable to music, conducted on the principles I have established, for the composer to be present at the performance; his presence is as necessary as the sun to the works of nature; he is the soul and the life; without him all is confusion and chaos; but he must expect to encounter such obstacles as are always met with in the world of those who, because they have a pair of eyes and of ears, of what kind is of no importance, think they have a right to judge of the fine arts, &c."

On the subject of this latter opera, we will relate an anecdote deserving preservation. Rousseau's admiration for the genius of Gluck as soon as he became acquainted with his works, is well known. He one day remarked, that the great merit of this composer was the giving a distinct character to the songs of each of his personages, which was never departed from throughout; "this attention," said he, "has caused him to commit an anachronism in his opera of *Paris and Helena*. The songs of *Paris* have all the richness and effeminacy of Phrygian manners, whilst those of *Helena* are constantly grave and simple; but Gluck has forgotten that the severity of manners was dated only from the legislation of

Lycurgus, and that Helena was born at Sparta long before Lycurgus." A common friend of Rousseau and Gluck, to whom the former made this observation, communicated it to the latter. His answer is remarkable: "I should be very happy," said he, "if my works were always examined by such enlightened and scrupulous judges. M. Rousseau's reasoning is very ingenious, but it was not my own. Helena loved Paris, but I find in Homer that she sought to elevate his mind, and to excite in him the desire of glory; I see that she was esteemed by Hector, and the eulogium she drew from the old men as she passed, supposes as much esteem for her character as admiration of her beauty. Thus, by giving her a simple and grave style of singing, but one which I esteem elegant, it is not simply a Spartan woman that I wish to characterise, but a great and generous mind."

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—As I am very much interested in the subject of psalm-singing, and have read your late remarks, as also the letter of your correspondent, "Laicus," with great attention, I am induced to seek an answer to a question which has frequently suggested itself to me, viz., whether we can avoid considering the singing of the melody in three octaves while the organ is accompanying it in chords, otherwise than as a grammatical error, if we consider the voices and organ in the light of "one instrument." My idea is that, if we were to put such a piece upon paper, making some parts move in octaves while the others progress in a legitimate manner, we should justly expose ourselves to much unpalatable criticism. Such things, no doubt, suit very well with Messrs. Liszt and Co., but I think they would surely be viewed as incorrect when used in music which is professedly scientific. Trusting you will think my difficulty worthy an explanation.—I am, your's &c.,

Brixton, Sep. 28th.

VIOLINO.

[Our correspondent's difficulty is purely imaginary. Whatever part executes a principal melody must be considered and treated as an *upper-part*, no matter what its pitch or situation in the great scale. Bass-voices so employed and accompanied never sound like anything else than upper melodies, on the same principle that violins, in an orchestra, when used to strengthen a bass passage, never have any other effect than that of a bass part, though situated, perhaps, two octaves above the violoncelli. Thus it is that, unless for the sake of some particular effect, no *positional* difference need be made in the accompaniment of a melody whether sung by a soprano, tenor, or bass voice;—the ear seizes the principal melody wherever situated, and establishes it at once as the *upper-part*. "Violino's" dread of committing grammatical blunders by writing melody in octaves, is equally without foundation. If precedent can reconcile him to it, he may have it without limit. In the concerted music of classical writers it is frequently found, as for instance, in the finale to Spohr's *Berggeist*, between the soprano and tenor; in choral music, the instances of *octaved* melody are so common as to render particular quotation wholly unnecessary; and some of the finest effects of orchestral music are produced by this very progression of melody in "three octaves," which "Violino" appears so greatly to dread. Concerning the manner of psalm-performance which we advocate, there is no more mischief in a chorale thus sung in three octaves, *when properly accompanied*, than in a melody simultaneously heard from a flute, clarinet, and bassoon, with orchestral treatment. The cases are precisely parallel;—the ear would fix on the voices as but *one* melody; and if the dreaded "octaves" were fifteen instead of three, the effect would only be greater power and brilliancy, provided always the bass of the accompaniment remained below the lowest extreme of the melody.—Ed. M. W.]

REVIEW.

Chattelar's Song to Mary Queen of Scots, composed by G. Luigi.

This is a very simple song. We have nothing to say concerning it except that it is in E minor, very pathetic in intention, doubtless, but very dull in reality.

Part the first of Dr. William Croft's Cathedral Music; edited by William Hawes.

The first number of this promised work is at length out, and we trust that its success will repay the editor for an expensive and hazardous undertaking. It contains a *Te Deum*, *Jubilate*, *Cantate domino*, and *Deus Miseratur*, in E flat, none of which have hitherto been published. They are all more varied and interesting than the services of our old church composers in general, who usually reserved the full force of their genius for their anthems, and treated their *services* rather as matters-of-course, of which brevity was one of the chief qualities required. These, however, while in many cases following this rule, contain beauties quite sufficient to render them valuable as specimens of their composer's vigorous and impressive style, which will be found especially illustrated in the *Gloria Patris* of the *Cantate*, and *Deus Miseratur*. A future number of this work is announced to contain twelve manuscript Anthems, and to the appearance of these we look forward with much interest.

The Departure; ballad composed by F. Nicholls Crouch, R.A.M.

This is an agreeable little song without pretension of any kind. The composer has aimed at combining melody intelligible to the most unsophisticated ears, with the extreme of facility both in the voice part and accompaniment;—in this he certainly has succeeded, and judging from appearances we should think he designed no more.

Classical Practice for Pianoforte Students. Edited by William Sterndale Bennett.

The two numbers of this work now before us contain Haydn's *Sonata* in E flat (op. 70), and Dussek's *sonata* in C minor dedicated to Clementi. They are both beautiful works, as every pianoforte-player knows, but the latter, to our taste, has the superiority. It is full of Dussek's characteristic beauties, and we need say no more to recommend it. In these days of Thalberg and Liszt the appearance of such a work as this is an event, and as such we greet it with unfeigned pleasure.

Lieder ohne Worte von S. Thalberg; Aus dessen Gesängen für das pianoforte gesetzt von Carl Czerny.

The pianoforte-player will find in these publications a number of songs very elaborately and ingeniously arranged by Mr. Czerny in the style of Thalberg. What pleasure he may derive from them will depend on the sort of his musical taste, but we can vouch that his profit is certain if he plays them all as they are written.

No. 219 of Wessel and Co.'s *Series of German Songs*. "*The mighty trees bend*," by F. Schubert.

This is one of the most extraordinary songs of Schubert we have yet seen. The illustration of the sentiment—a mind gazing tranquilly on the storms and trouble of a past life by the help of religion—is thoroughly German and as thoroughly picturesque; and the contrasted calm of the concluding "*Allelujah!*" with the descriptive turbulence of the rest, is suggested by that keen and *right* musical feeling which Schubert super-eminently possessed. It is on the whole a beautiful song which we can recommend.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

PROVINCIAL.

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BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—(From our own Correspondent.)—A festival committee in Birmingham have at least one comfortable reflection—they stand in no fear of perverse deans and chapters—there is nobody to gainsay them as to the *locus in quo* for their performances. The townsfolk have both wisdom and wealth, and in the spirit of the one, and with the aid of the other, they have built themselves a music-room, which they need not scruple to show to continental travellers, come they from whencesoever they will. This Town Hall, as it is called, is really a superb building of its kind. The upper part of its

exterior is a copy—so say the learned in such matters—of some Grecian temple or other, and very beautiful and imposing *this* part is; but greater internal height was required than the classic model seemed to allow; and so, by way of stretching antique purity to the dimensions of modern utility, the temple has been stilted upon a rustic basement some twenty feet high, which—to my eyes, at least—abstracts something from the columnar grandeur of the rest. The interior, however, is vast, gorgeous, and, I think, perfect in every respect. Two rooms in London—Exeter Hall and Westminster Hall—may have as many feet of surface on the ground-plan, but neither of these buildings has any pretension to compete with the Birmingham Hall as to fitness for musical purposes; the general proportions and exquisitely-shaped ceiling of the latter decide *that* point at once. It is considerably too resonant for *clear* musical effect when empty, but this—since a performance is never likely to take place in it under such circumstances—is a matter of no consequence; indeed, its redundancy of vibration serves to counteract the *damping* influence of a large assembly, and renders it, when filled, as delightful a room for music as can well be desired. The organ, placed at the upper end of this hall, ranks, as to compass and number of stops, among the largest instruments in Europe; but I am by no means disposed to fall in with the prevailing opinion of its beauty or effectiveness of tone. It has evidently been designed by some of those “diapason” gentry who are as ignorant of the true sources of organ-power as they are of the principles of acoustics. They have given another proof that, to produce the utmost effect from instruments of this kind, great diversity of scales and abundance of *upper-work* is required; in this organ an unprecedented amount of foundation-stops is met by less, I believe, than sixteen ranks of mixture throughout all its claviers; and the consequence is that, though a huge volume of tone is produced, that tone is heavy and destitute of clearness and brilliancy. It is but fair to state that no blame is chargeable on the builder; he has executed the plan assigned to him with far more skill than it deserved. After all, it is a gigantic and noble piece of workmanship; and in these days of beggarly parish contracts it is almost worth a journey to Birmingham to see an organ with a metal CCCC standing in the centre tower of its case—verily, a pipe fit for the capacious mouth of Polyphemus himself. Little as I said about the performances at Hereford, I have still less to say of those at Birmingham. Except the doings of Mendelssohn, everything was as usual in the matter of selection, and considerably worse than usual in the manner of performance. Under these circumstances I have thought fit to collect my opinions of Mendelssohn and his various works into one heap, which will be found in the place of honour, towards the end of this random notice. The prominent points in the first morning's selection were Mr. Knyvett's coronation anthem, a motett of Palestrina, and Handel's oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*, with Bach's A minor pedal fugue played by Mendelssohn in the midst by way of interlude. The second morning's programme included the scene from Handel's *Joshua*, commencing with the citative “Tis well, six times the Lord;” a very dry composition by Fasch, for four choirs, and—to use a Scotchism—awfully *fashed* the singers were in executing it; two choruses, the “Rex tremenda,” and “From the censor,” and the *Lob gesang* of Mendelssohn. The third morning was occupied entirely by the *Messiah*, and the last performance included some portions of *Jeptha*, a double chorus by Mendelssohn, and a quantity of miscellaneous commodities. Throughout all these performances a painful unsteadiness in the orchestra was apparent. Sometimes the band was at sixes and sevens in itself, sometimes the chorus was in a like predicament, and sometimes the two departments were agreed in themselves, and at loggerheads with each other. Nothing, in short, went satisfactorily except the compositions conducted by Mendelssohn, and in these the orchestra proved its ability to do right if permitted. The band could not like Mendelssohn's music better than Handel's—it was composed of first-rate materials, and if it had not been so, it could not have been intrinsically worse during one half-hour than at any other period of the day: wherefore, if the musical spectator could not even *see* the state of the orchestra, he must have been forced to conclude that the difference of conducting made all the difference of performance. To speak a plain truth, Mr. Knyvett is totally unable to direct a large orchestra. He has neither acquaintance with the details of orchestral performance, nor nerve to correct the blunders into which his want of skill constantly plunges him. Apparently uncertain in his preconceived notions of the time and style of a composition, and obviously wavering and fidgety in his manner of imparting those notions to his band, he invariably succeeds in unsettling and confounding the best efforts of those under his command. The band has neither respect for his talent nor confidence in his firmness, and, so minded towards its conductor, cannot be expected to do any justice to music even of the most ordinary and simple kind. The same unfortunate results accompanied Mr. Knyvett's attempts at the previous Birmingham, and last York festivals; and I cannot help feeling surprise that, with the benefit of such experience, a respect for beautiful music, if not for the reputation of their performances, had not suggested to the present managers the

choice of a more able general to command troops which, under other guidance, have proved themselves irreproachable both as to skill and discipline. The selections for the evening concerts were made, as usual, with the view of accommodating public taste in all its varieties, and their performance was, on the whole, better than those of the mornings. On Wednesday evening, however, the usual routine was interrupted by an operatic performance in the theatre, consisting of *Abridgements of La Gazza Ladra*, and *La prava du'n Opera Seria*, executed with considerable effect by the foreign singers engaged. The engagement of the principal vocalists—to whom the utmost credit is due for their exertions—was done on a liberal scale, as the following long list will sufficiently prove:—Madame Dorus Gras, Madame Caradori Allan, Mrs. Knyvett, Miss Birch, Miss Maria B. Hawes, Signor Lablache, Mr. Braham, Mr. H. Phillips, Signor Musatti, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Machin, Signor F. Lablache, Mr. Pearsall, Mr. Young.

I now come to notice the great feature of the festival—Mendelssohn. It is deeply gratifying to observe the eager interest which the presence of this great musician excited throughout the whole assembly: it was an influence that, like Handel's description of thick darkness, "might be felt," and was felt by the whole mass of performers and listeners, and ensuring on the one hand the best exertions to express their author's ideas—on the other, utmost wish to appreciate them. The "Lob gesang," or Hymn of Praise, now heard, for the first time, in this country, was written for the festival in honour of 'Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, and performed at Leipzig on the 24th of June last. It is a work of no definable order, for it is too short, too unimportant, and, we conceive, too deficient in dramatic interest to entitle it to the name of an oratorio; at the same time, the lofty pretensions which characterise the whole design, and the grandeur and breadth of conception with which these pretensions are realised, scarcely allow me to designate it by any other title—added to this, the instrumental introduction is an entirely new feature in this species of composition, and is so important a part of the whole, both as to length and merit, that it gives the work more of a concert-character than usually belongs to sacred music, and to my feeling wholly unclassifies it from anything I have yet met with. The three movements of the Sinfonia, which, in other respects, resemble in construction so much of a symphony for the concert-room, are joined together, as are all the different pieces of the whole work—thus forming one unbroken piece of music: the interest is wonderfully maintained to the end. Perhaps the most striking movement throughout is the allegretto agitato in the Sinfonia, a sort of barearole in 6-8 time, very like in character to several things of Mendelssohn, but which has a new effect from the introduction of a Choral, one of the national sacred songs of Germany, that is most happily blended with the original subject of the movement. The duet, accompanied by chorus, "I waited for the Lord," was the next piece to make an impression on me. It is a charming piece of flowing melody, and the subdued chorus sustains and brightens the effect of the two soprano voices admirably. The Choral, "Let all men praise the Lord," is another of the Lutheran psalm tunes before alluded to, which is here introduced in the same manner that several are in the "St. Paul" of the same author. Mendelssohn found the good effect of this new and very happy notion in that oratorio, and is very judicious in repeating what is now no longer an experiment. The multitude must always be struck by a movement of so extreme simplicity, and the musician delighted with the manner in which Mendelssohn always harmonises these fine bold melodies; but I suspect it requires that half instinctive feeling which arises from having *always* known a tune—of having heard it in the cradle with one's nurse—at school with one's playmates—on the road-side from the voices of returning labourers on a still evening with one's beloved, and at the family devotions with one's children, to qualify one for the proper appreciation of these movements in the situations where Mendelssohn introduces them. The effect, in this instance, is greatly heightened by the preceding chorus, "The night is departing," a very beautiful and dramatic composition. The last chorus, "Ye nations, offer to the Lord glory and might," is, in my opinion, a failure; it attempts much, and hence, its small achievement is the more conspicuous; it was repeated at the desire of the president, but this is only another example of the old axiom that the worst things are ever the most applauded. I believe the author is not entirely satisfied with this chorus, as it is said he intends to re-write it, and also to introduce a trio in the earlier part of the composition before the score will be published. The excellence of the band, the enthusiasm excited by the presence of the author, and his admirable manner of conducting, ensured a masterly performance of the whole, and Mendelssohn expressed himself highly gratified with it. The grand double chorus, "When Israel out of Egypt came," given at the fourth morning performance was not so successful. I dare not dislike a work of so gifted a composer from the mere cursory knowledge acquired by a single hearing, but I was very little impressed by the composition in question. I think it is misnamed a double chorus, for the design is not antiphonal; the voices not being divided into separate choirs as is usual in what we under-

stand by the double chorus ; it is more properly a chorus in eight parts. The well-known overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was given at the third evening performance ; this did not go so well as any of the music which Mendelssohn conducted, and I consider the encore it met with more as a tribute to the author than a demonstration of pleasure at the performance. I now come to speak of Mendelssohn as a player, and as his organ performances may be said to be the most pretentive, I shall speak of them first. On the first day he played the pedal fugue in A minor of Bach, which he has frequently played publicly in England, and which he again played the other day at St. Peter's Church, Cornhill. In this he evinced a great knowledge of the organ generally, but was apparently embarrassed by an unacquaintance with this particular instrument : I cannot but think it injudicious in any one, however great his powers, to sit down to a stupendous and intricate machine like this large organ, and after half an hour's practice, which will hardly suffice to read a catalogue of the stops, to hold forth before four thousand people ; but in the case of Mendelssohn, who has so great a reputation at stake, I must censure it highly. His extemporaneous performance on the fourth day was not more happy : he introduced the subject of the chorus in the *Messiah*—" Lift up your heads," but he made no use of it afterwards and was rather dull throughout. He played privately to some twenty or thirty persons on another day with much better effect, and I congratulate myself on my good fortune in being one of this select few to hear certainly a very masterly performance. At the theatre on Wednesday, Mendelssohn played his pianoforte concerto in G minor in a magnificent manner, proving himself a perfect master of the instrument, and showing the wonderful superiority of a mental performance over the merely mechanical displays with which our fashionable circles are so fascinated : he played it immensely fast, which added much to the irresistible energy of the composition, and was greatly applauded. Upon the whole Mendelssohn and the Birminghamites have great occasion to be satisfied with each other, and the musical world seems to have received an impulse of enthusiasm from this transient visit of a comet which I hope may continue long enough to work some beneficial results on the state of the art in England.

The festival has been exceedingly prosperous ; the hall was crowded both mornings and evenings, and the result, so far as money is concerned, is, I understand, satisfactory in the extreme.

BEDFORD.—*The Bedford Harmonic Society* gave their second concert for the season on Friday evening last, at the Assembly Rooms. The first overture, Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito*, was performed in very excellent style ; and the overture at the commencement of the second part, *The Men of Prometheus* was no way inferior to it in point of execution, and we hesitate not to state that so long as the society can muster so efficient a corps of performers, it will be ranked high among provincial harmonics. Messrs. Nunn and Robinson commenced the vocal performance, by singing very prettily the duett, "Haste my Nanette," after which Mr. Brown performed one of Nicholson's very beautiful solos on the flute, introducing the airs of "We're a' noddin'," "Welcome to Charlie," and "The Corn Rigs," in very exquisite style. The performance of the solo was highly creditable to him, and was warmly applauded. Miss Flower, from the metropolitan concerts, sang, with Mr. Nunn, the duett, "Oh Maiden Fair," and was most rapturously received. Mr. Robinson sang his song "As burns the charger," in excellent style, and was loudly applauded. Miss Flower sang Weber's "Softly sighs" very sweetly, and elicited a unanimous encore ; a similar compliment was paid to the duett of "Tell me where is fancy bred," beautifully sang by Miss Flower and Mr. Riley. Mr. Nunn sang "The Hero of Britain" in his happiest style ; and Mr. F. Green performed a fantasia of his own upon the flute. Miss Flower gave "Kathleen O'More," and was loudly encored. The concert closed with the glee, "Come unto these yellow sands," by Miss Flower, Messrs. Nunn, Riley, and Robinson.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.—A new musical drama, by Mr. Lover, was produced at this theatre on Tuesday. It is called the *Greek Boy*, from the fidelity of a Greek page, follower of its hero, who manifests his devotion in various ways, and finally at Venice, when the doge went down to wed the sea,

"And flung the nuptial token to his bride,"

dived into the depths of the Adriatic, and brought up the said token in order to enable his master to marry his sister therewith. At least the Greek forced this conviction upon the father, who had said that his daughter should wed with no other than the doge's ring, but he frankly divulged to the audience that the

"depth" of the business lay, not in the ocean but in the brain, and that, as a goldsmith's workman of the original signet, he had been able to construct a very deceitful counterfeit, whereby the lovers of the drama are brought together, which is the great end of the piece. There is nothing strikingly effective in the plot or music; and the ballads are far more fitted for the drawing-room than the stage. Mme. Vestris performed the part of the Greek boy, and infused much grace and gallantry into the character. She likewise sang the melodies entrusted to her with beautiful expression and effect; and was encoined in one of them. Keeley has a droll part, and he made the most of it. There is some very excellent dancing by Master and Miss Marshall, and Mr. Gilbert and Miss Ballin. We must award our meed of praise to the scenery: it certainly is splendid. The piece was eminently successful, and will, no doubt, become popular.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A new play, by Mr. Serle, entitled *Master Clarke*, was brought out on Saturday night. The piece is founded on some incidents which occurred during the latter portion of the protectorate of Richard Cromwell, who, as our readers will probably recollect, assumed this *nom de voyage* to avoid being pointed at by the finger of scorn in his descent down the ladder of ambition. Mr. Macready played the principal character; it is well suited to his talents and he exerted himself to the utmost. Mr. J. Webster, as the merry monarch, though rather too flippant, was no bad specimen of the roystering cavaliers of that day; and Mr. Webster did the little he had to do as *Robert Deagle*, exceedingly well. Mr. Strickland was very amusing as *Sir Jacob Chubb*, at least, so far as he had studied his part, for he was grossly imperfect in several instances. Mr. Phelps enacted *General Disbrowe* tolerably; he would be much more effective if he would endeavour to divest himself of a certain mannerism which mars his best efforts; his tones occasionally resemble those of Mr. Macready so closely that it is difficult to distinguish between them. Miss Helen Faucit appears to have entirely mistaken the character of *Lady Dorothy Cromwell*. The wife of Cromwell, as depicted by Mr. Serle, is an active, spirited woman, rather more ambitious than we find her in history, and wedded to a man too pure to win anything by violence. She would herself shrink from the cruelty that must occur in the attainment of her wishes, but she sees it not; she looks only at the aggrandizement of her lord and the welfare of her children. Miss Faucit, in tone at least, was often shrewish, loud without being forcible, tearful but not affecting; she lacks tenderness, and substitutes earnestness for it. We make these remarks from a consciousness that a very little study will remedy these defects. We must not omit to mention the excellent acting of Mrs. W. Clifford as *Lady Chubb*; we have rarely witnessed a richer piece of comedy. At the fall of the curtain Macready and Miss Faucit were called for by the audience, as was likewise Mr. Serle, but he had left the theatre. The piece was announced for repetition amidst loud applause.

On Tuesday night the comedy of the *Man of the World* was revived at this theatre, Mr. Maywood (recently manager of the Philadelphia theatre, and, prior to his departure for America, playing the leading business at Drury-lane Theatre) sustaining the part of *Sir Pertinax Macgryphant*. This gentleman threw great spirit into the part, of which he gave a novel, characteristic, and eloquent reading. His Scotch dialect was perfect, and his acting, although addressed occasionally too much to the audience, was in other respects full of energy, propriety, and effect. He made a decided hit in the part, and was very loudly called for and applauded at the termination of the comedy. Mrs. Stirling gave an excellent impersonation of *Lady Rudolpha*.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—This theatre was re-opened on Monday night, as a resort of musical promenade. During the recess the theatre has been re-decorated, and a boarded ceiling, admirably adapted for the purposes of sound, has been placed over the pit, which, as last season, is on a level with the stage, and throws out the orchestral effects with great clearness. In reference to the musical reputation of these promenades the orchestral promise is one of great force. With Signor Negri as conductor, and Tolbecque (of her Majesty's theatre), as leader, we found in the orchestra a host of first-rate talent, including several eminent solo performers, therefore there is at least a guarantee for rational

and intellectual musical entertainment. The concert commenced with the national anthem, which was creditably performed. All the first act following consisted of established favourites, and, without presenting any novelty, went remarkably well. The noticeable feature of the second act was Negri's selection from *Guillaume Tell*, with solos for the bassoon and clarinet, which were excellently played by Messrs. Baumann and Lazarus. The encores of the evening were the selection in question and the "Gais Loisirs" quadrilles. The overture to *La Dame Blanche* was very cleverly played; but the new quadrilles, by Balfe, must be considered as of rather inferior composition, and in character vindicating their title of "Moments de Folie." The concert concluded with a galop of Musard's. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, the house was crowded.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE, in Oxford-street, was opened last night for promenade concerts, under the direction of Mr. Willy, the celebrated violinist. We regret that the house should have been so prematurely opened, for the interior arrangements were altogether incomplete, and great inconvenience was experienced by many of the audience in obtaining anything like a favourable position. The crowd of visitors was tremendous, and every accessible part of the house was speedily filled. The construction is of the usual horse-shoe form, with a profusion of crimson and gold in the drapery and embroidery, but the roof is square and flat, and without a sounding-board, and thus the music is not projected into the body of the house. The performances were very common-place. The band has not an assemblage of eminent names, contains but few solo-players, and is far inferior to that of the English Opera. Last evening we had waltzes, overtures, and quadrilles, but the selection was not a good one. Reissiger's overture is by no means original as a composition, and Child's quadrille still less so. Willy's solo on the violin did not altogether please us. He played it well; but he adopted a meretricious style for *ad captandum* purposes, and is capable of much better performance. At the conclusion of the concert the national anthem was called for by the audience, and was extremely well played.

OPERA-HOUSE AT PRAGUE.—The interior of the opera-house at Prague is long, narrow, and dark, except upon the stage; so little does it appear like a place of gaiety, where the audience are to divide a satisfaction in looking at one another, with the performance before them, that they are not supposed to have a thought but for the piece. The *petit-maitre* and coquette in the boxes may languish or gnash their teeth in outer darkness. Everything about this building was intensely interesting to me from the association it bore in the mind with the great operas of Mozart, as there was nothing extraneous to divert; music might here, in gaining applause, gain it pure and undivided. The old leather-seated chairs in the orchestra, the old instrument with its old-fashioned black keys, which had been used in accompanying the recitatives of the *Don Giovanni*, became, when connected with the memory of Mozart, matters of dignified conjecture—his presence redeemed the most trifling object from indifference. In this quaker-like opera-house all gilding and burnishing is set at nought; there is an admirable band, and by some of the elder members of it Mozart is not yet forgotten. I was pleased to hear of the hurry with which the overture to the *Don Giovanni* was finished, and of the parts being brought out into the orchestra; to feel myself upon the very spot of his triumphs, and to shudder in imagination with the audience when that terrible horseman, "Il Commendatore," the man of stone bows his head to the supper invitation. The primitive simplicity of manners among the people in the orchestra, to whose acquaintance I was introduced, gave me much pleasure; and I won their good-will in three ways—by being an Englishman, by visiting such an *auld world* place as Prague, where any outlandish Englishman is a phenomenon, and by liking German music.—*A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany.*

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mr. John Barnett the composer, in conjunction with Mr. Morris Barnett, has taken this theatre for three years for the exclusive performance of English operas.

MRS. FITZWILLIAM is doing exceedingly well in the provinces.

THE FRENCH COMPANY, lately at the Prince's Theatre, are performing at Liverpool with tolerable success.

LISZT completed his first tour through the provinces on Saturday last, at Brighton, and set off for the continent on Tuesday. His performance at all the towns he visited was most rapturously applauded. Mr. Frank Mori played duets with the great pianist in a manner that reflected infinite credit on his talents. The vocalists were Mdlle. de Varney, Miss Bassano, and Mr. John Parry; all of whom gave great satisfaction, particularly John Parry, of whom the provincial papers speak in the highest terms. His song of "The Inchcape Bell" created much interest everywhere, in consequence of the extraordinary style in which it was accompanied on the pianoforte by Liszt; while his "Governess," and "Musical Husband" were regularly encored. Mr. Lavenu was the conductor, as well as the speculator; the rest were engaged by him. Owing to Grisi, Persiani, Rubini, Tamburini, &c. &c. going pretty much the same route as Lavenu and his party, the concerts were not so well attended at some places as might have been expected; but another tour in the north, Scotland and Ireland, will be commenced in November with every prospect of success.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS will have a trial of new compositions, both vocal and instrumental, to-morrow morning, at the Hanover-square Rooms. The Society intends to give a series of concerts early in the ensuing season.

MME. LODENT, the pianist, formerly a pupil of the Conservatoire de Musique, at Paris, and who has been performing with great success at Spa, this season, has been arrested at that place, and ordered to be sent to Paris, on the demand of the French ambassador at Brussels, upon a charge of forgery.

HEREFORD FESTIVAL.—The accounts of the total receipts and expenditure of the recent festival have not been published, but the collections for the charity at the last meeting were larger by nearly 50*l.* than those of any other for these ten years back. The stewards for the festival in 1843 have been nominated, at the head of whom is the Lord Bishop of Hereford.

MR. ELIASON has entered into arrangements with Herr Thumann for a series of German operas which are to take place at Drury-lane Theatre, in March next.

MR. BUCKSTONE has made a most successful *debut* in America.

LAPORTE, it was rumoured, intended to bring over a band of Frenchmen, with Musard at its head, to occupy the Opera-house stage; but, we believe, he has abandoned the idea for the present.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.

Chopin.—Third scherzo, op. 39; 2nd ballade, op. 38	Wessel.
Burgmüller.—Polonoise brillante	Ditto.
— Rondoletto, op. 15, as a duet	Ditto.
Mendelssohn.—Overture to 'Gamacho's Marriage'	Ditto.
Henselt.—Variations 'Elisir d'Amore,' op. 1, as a duet	Ditto.
Plachy.—Rondino on 'Dormi Dormi,' from 'La Prigioni d'Edinburgo'	Boosey.
— Fantaisie on 'Elena de Feltre'	Ditto.
Hunten, F.—France and Italy; 2 favourite airs with variations, nos. 1 and 2, op. 111	Chappell.
Burgmüller, F.—Variations on an air in 'Ines de Castro'	Ditto.
Masters, W.—Variations on 'She who holds my heart in keeping,' as a duet	Ditto.
Mounsey, Miss.—Six choruses from Haydn's 'Creation'	T. E. Purday.
Thalberg.—Liedor ohne worte; or, songs without words	Ditto.
Clementi.—Heaven's artillery; duet	Ditto.
Czerny.—Vera un di quando	Ditto.
Weber.—Euryanthe	Ever.
Kalliwoða.—Three Bagatelles	Ditto.
Sutton.—Dr. Haydn's Mermaid song; duet	Coventry.
Pinto.—Classical Practice, no. 4; sonata, op. 3	Ditto.
Goodban.—Instructions for the pianoforte	Ditto.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Reissiger.—Thirteenth Grand Trio, for piano, violin, and violoncello	Wessel.
Kalliwoða.—Four Waltzes brillants, op. 103; violin and piano	Ever.
Kummer.—Introduction and rondo, op. 64; violoncello and piano	Ditto.
— La Melancolie, op. 63, with orchestra or quintet; ditto	Ditto.
— Adagio and Theme with variations, op. 65; ditto	Ditto.

VOCAL.

Wade, J.—Come where the wild bird; cavatina	Chappell.
Walpole, Miss.—O rest thee in thy green turf grave	Ditto.
Bendixen, Miss.—She breathes no more; canzonet	Ditto.
Cecil, Rev. J.—I will arise and go to my father	T. E. Purday.
Russell, H.—The old church bell	Ditto.
Crouch, F.—Come with me to the cedar-tree	Ditto.
Adams, T.—Collects for the 5th, 17th, and 19th Sundays after Trinity	Ditto.
Sentences for the commencement of Divine Service, and six favourite chants	Ditto.
The last dying speech of Bartlemy Fair; comic	Ditto.
Burnett.—The young May queen; song	Coventry.
— The mariner; song	Ditto.

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WESSEL & Co.'s NEW PUBLICATIONS.—No. 67, Frith-street, corner of Soho-square.

Pianoforte.—Chopin's op. 38, 2nd Ballade; ditto, op. 39, 3rd Scherzo in C sharp minor. Thalberg's Adieu à la France, grand divertimento on a French romance. Mendelssohn's overture, Gamacho's Marriage, solo and duet. Burgmüller's Amabilità, rondoletto brilliant duet. Czerny's Toccata, or Exercise, op. 92. Mendelssohn's Three Grand Quartetts, piano, violin, tenor, and violoncello. Liszt's Grande Fantaisie de Brarome, sur la Clochette de Paganini. Kalliwoda's Invitation pour le Valse, solo and duet. Chopin's sixth set of Mazourkas, as duets. Reissiger's Thirteenth Grand Trio, piano, violin, and violoncello. Henselt's Grand Variations on 'Io son Ricco,' from 'Elisir d'Amore,' duet. Chotek's Duet from 'Torquato Tasso.' Julien's Tarantelle de Bellepègre. Spohr.—Marienbad Waltz, duet. Bertini's Studies, new edition, edited by Cipriani Potter:—no. 1, op. 29, twenty-five Preparatory Studies, introductory to Cramer's; no. 2, op. 32, ditto; no. 3, twenty-five Exercises for Small Hands; no. 4, ditto, ditto.

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